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A New and True SONG, The

CONFUSION;

Or, the World in Diſorder.

GEntlemen, and ladies dainty,
country lads and laſſes bright,
Here is ſomething to divert you,
and put off a winter's night.
Here you'll find truth without treaſon,
villians join'd with honeſt men,
Knaves and rogues that's void of reaſon,
all are marked by my pen.
We will paſs by all crowned heads,
king George is head of all the clan,
Pretty creature form'd by nature,
our young king's a bonny man.
Princes and dukes are alſo mortal,
pray then tell where is the odds?
For princes dies like men of no fee,
altho' on earth they live like gods.
The biſhops and archbiſhops dizzy,

who ſits at our table head;
Scarce preaches two times in one year,
and yet by preaching gains their bread,
Our peers that are ſo bright and blazing,
who ſhould be the nation's guide,
Their is many liars in this nation,
if the peers will not take bribes.
Down to the houſe of commons then
I went, and ſaw the caſe ſtill worſe,
The poor mans caſe ſeem'd deſperate,
if he could not afford a purſe.
Generals they prove little better,
was it true that ſome did ſay,
They hired men for a review,
and in their pocket put the pay.
The lords that ſits at the green table,
underſtands the Scottiſh law,
Where money's wanted things are miſcarried
I'll tell you what I heard and ſaw;
The agents and the advocates,
the clerks and macers in their gowns,
The meſſengers and notars public
are a pack of greedy lowns.
The lawyers both in town and country,
what they ſay, or what they think,
Let the place be ne'er ſo burden'd,
they muſt have their morning drink:
The juſtices into the nation,
gives the faireſt chance for law,
But priſons folk for ſpeaking freely,
what I heard, I ſwear I ſaw.
Some conſtables refus'd an oath,
and think not ye but they had need,
For none could ever keep the ſame,
that e'er was made of Adams ſeed.
Our leſſer courts are all delays,
nought does appear but paper war
For lifting claims, referring pleas,
and cheating clients at the bar.

For executions, ſummons, claims.
for ſentances, money, and for drams
For decreets and for procurators,
money ſtill is to advance
And oft the cauſe at laſt is loſt.
which makes us oft to wring our han's
We thought the lawyers had fall'n out,
but now we ſee them ſhaking hands.
And if we ſpeak up for ourſelves,
to ſet our caſe on footing fair,
They cry to put us in the goal,
or elſe to turn us down the ſtair,
The lairds are turn'd ſo greedy on us,
they're ſtill raiſing their rent:
Carriage is ſo great and grievous,
and they are yet ne'er content,
The tennants are not innocent.
I mean the ſtateſmen in their pride,
For houſe to houſe, and field to field
they lay, and nothing can them bide.
The ſheep they thrive ſo well in paſture,
they'll cover all the land e'er long,
If the ſcab come not among them,
all the poor ſhall ſoon be wrong.
Where nineteen tenants lived happy,
in the year ſome time ago.
One man doth now poſſes the ſame,
enough to bring our land to wo:
They ride upon their ten pound gallopers,
with natural wigs as white as ſnow,
Black boots and glancing ſilver ſpurs,
with ſilver watches beſt of a'
The meal-mongers, and corn ſellers,
with all that filthy curſed crew,
Enough to blaſt our land with curſing
or to make a body ſpue.
The years are cheap, now they're humbl'd,
we wiſh the ſorrow ſtick their pride,
Greedy like glades, cunning as foxes,

their conſciences are monſtrous wide,
They have corn enough about them,
but their money's very ſcant,
Barns and ſtack yards are o'er laden,
but nothing for to pay the rent.
When meal was dear, they looked at us
with a proud and ſaucy eye,
But now it's cheap and thanks to heaven
we wiſh ſuch villians hanged high.
They laugh'd and looked out at windows
like ſo many fatted ſwine,
Feeding on fat beef and bacon,
while we at home have little thing.
Their wives comes in like ladies gay,
each with their ſadle, whip and ſkirt
But we have ſeen the day their mothers,
on their backs had ſcarce a ſhirt.
But we hope the days will alter,
we'll with them get day about,
When providence will punith villians,
ſirs, I hope ye need not doubt,
Potatoes too are turn'd ſo plenty,
and they are a ready food,
But too clamy ſpoils the ſtomach,
mixing water with the blood.
The butchers doth impoſe upon us.
with their fleſh blown up with wind,
Which both ſpoil our life and ſpirits,
and diſturbs a pleaſant mind;
Fithers too they ſell up ſalmon,
taken in Tay, Tweed and Forth,
Corrupted lies, corrupted eaten,
breeding humours little worth
Baxters gives us bread that's claggy,
and we often eat it warm,
The flour both rotten often and mouldy,
bak'd with ſoap inſtead of barm
The ale ſellers comes next in order,
of all ſinners they're the wail,

Wormwood, broom and corriande,
ſtepping oft among our ale.
Settlings waſh and ground of barrels
hottled e'er it be half wrought.
Half boil'd, half barm'd, half cork'd, half dead
good for nought but a ſwines trough,
We come to them half drunk or worſe,
perhaps a fire into their throat,
Never minding what they ſwallow,
but ſoon after pays well for't.
It ſpoils the blood, ruins the ſenſes,
and impairs the ſtate of health,
Ruining of whole families,
ſends the perſons ſwift to death.
Next whiſky comes that cuts mens days
intoxicates the human frame,
Dulls the ſenſes, ſpoils the ſpirits,
ſoon inflames the heart and brain.
Turns the man that's ſober giddy,
turns the fool intoxicate,
Turns the poor-man's right to nothing,
turns the beggar right in ſtate.
The gard'ners next I view'd in faſhion,
ſtill for to augment their wants,
Sold open kail in fairs and markets,
ſwearing they were cabbage plants.
Merchants with their tirſh linnen
in their ſhops, and at their ſtands,
Curſing themſelves unto the laſſes,
ſwearing they were Spainiſh lawn.
Maſons they are honeſt cheats
think ye can they be found out,
The out-ſide lime and hewen ſtones
the in-ſide morter never doubt.
I ſent my pock unto the mill,
the pock it held near twenty pecks,
When it came hame 'twas ſcarce fifteen,
here villiany in all reſpects.
The world kens our weavers cheats,

in each place where'er they come,
For ſtealing clues, and ſtealing yarn,
for making too long knot and thrum.
The taylors may be call'd their brother,
as I have heard ſome people tell.
They fold the cloath then cut it double
keeping the one half to themſelves
The candle makers may be honeſt,
but I never knew the ſame,
For if once they do ſpeak falſely,
they never ſtand to do't again
Tanners and ſkinners goes togeither,
in a handſome knotty ring,
Who carry honeſt to their neighbour,
but thinks no ſin to cheat the king.
Doctors and ſurgeons are preſervers,
of the body, when alive,
But exceed into high prices,
how think ye can doctors thrive.
Gaudgers that hated bad profeſſion,
ſirs, what of them do ye think?
Each day they take their morning walk,
and waſh their ſtaff among our drink
Shoe makers ſome folk call them honeſt,
but thoſe folk are empty fools,
Good leather on the out ſide fixed,
but the in ſide rotten ſoles.
Time now would fail to take account
of every calling by their name
As ſmiths, wrights, painters, plaiſterers,
who ſurely are as much to blame,
Now we may to the clergy view,
and you ſhall find them little worth,
If you will obſerve their ſermons,
as they thunder and hold furth.
If lads and laſſies have a meeting,
and they chance to play the fool.
Empty purſes and little money,
turns them to the cutty ſtool.

Where they're rebuked for it ſoundly,
name and ſirname lad and laſs,
When and how they did cohabit,
meſs John he nothing o't will paſs
But if he be ought gentle trow me,
and his pockets lin'd with gold,
Or have money to the elders,
no bad words to him is told:
He gets his pardon for offences,
and is bidden go away,
Money here procures repentance,
is not this a popiſh way.
Give miniſters a pretty houſe,
and build it in the neweſt faſhion,
A garden gay, a glibe that's large,
with corn and hay in his poſſeſſion.
That's the thing that's fitting for him,
that's the thing that ſuits his life,
And a park for wedder mutton,
with a bonny handſome wife.
But new light has riſen ſhortly,
which does ſhine among a few,
Contrair rules, contrair to reaſon,
which our fore fathers never knew.
They are ſplit, and ſplit twice over,
and among themſelves divided,
The burgers oath has vex'd them all,
for they can never yet deſide it.
The cameronian mountain preachers,
is the ſtrickeſt that I law,
They take king George for Britains head
but will not yield to Britains law.
The independants they ſing pretty,
O its pleaſant for to hear,
They are good in converſation,
and they hate to curſe and ſwear,
Epiſcopals in our ſouth border,
there is plenty to be found,
Who ſeem full painful in religion,

the organs make a pleasant sound.
Their melody so sweet and pleasant,
well delights a persons ear,
Every thing about them charming,
but their amens I cannot hear,
The methodists they swarm about us,
and good lessons seem to teach,
Coalmen, tinkers and iron-mongers,
lately has begun to preach.
So now you see the world in fashion,
every man's an arrent cheat,
Magistrates and ministers,
hath too much self more than is meet
The father cheats the son, and he
if he can get it cheats the father,
The mother cheats the daughter, and
the sister cheats the brother.
May heaven smile upon our sovereign,
blessings land on our Scot,
Scotland will be Scotland still, while,
near the throne stands valiant Bute.
Virtue shine around the hero,
every thing proclaims the man,
Morpeth hang with acclamations,
every toast was Galloway Tam.
Every thing in nature's changing,
time at last shall change his face,
Every thing in nature's changing,
every thing must run its race.

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